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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The WINTER's TALE.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Vignette Scene Print.	Designed by	Engraved by
<i>Hermione.</i>	<i>Loutherbourg.</i>	<i>Bartolozzi & Delattre</i>
<i>Autolycus.</i>	<i>Ramberg.</i>	<i>Grignion.</i>

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 The Seventeenth Number is OTHELLO, ditto.
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 The Twenty-Third Numb. is the TAMING OF THE SHREW, do.
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The Plan is to print each Play, *singly*, and *entire*, from the last revisions of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq. &c. with *their Characters* of the Play, and *the Origin of the Fable*, as an introductory Preface to each Play.

The Plays to be printed by Mess. FRYS and COUCHMAN, on *two sorts of paper*; the best of which will be *superfine writing-post quality*, on a new *Bourgeois Letter*, cast and *delicately dressed* on purpose. Embellishments for this sort will consist of a *characteristic Print*, representing a *spirited likeness* of some *favourite Performer*, besides an original *Vignette Scene Print*, designed and engraved by *the most eminent Artists in London and Paris*.

Act 4.th THE WINTER'S TALE. Scene 3.^d



Rhamborg del. &

Grignion sc.

Mr EDWIN in AUTOLICUS.

*Prosper you, Sweet Sir! ——— your
Purse is not hot enough to purchase
your Spice.*

Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand London Jan^y 8. 1785.



WINTERS TALE.

*You perceive, She Stirs:
Start not,*

Act 5

Scene 3

P. I. de Loutherbourg del.

Delattre sculp.

London Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand July 17, 1786.

Bell's Edition.

The WINTER's TALE,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

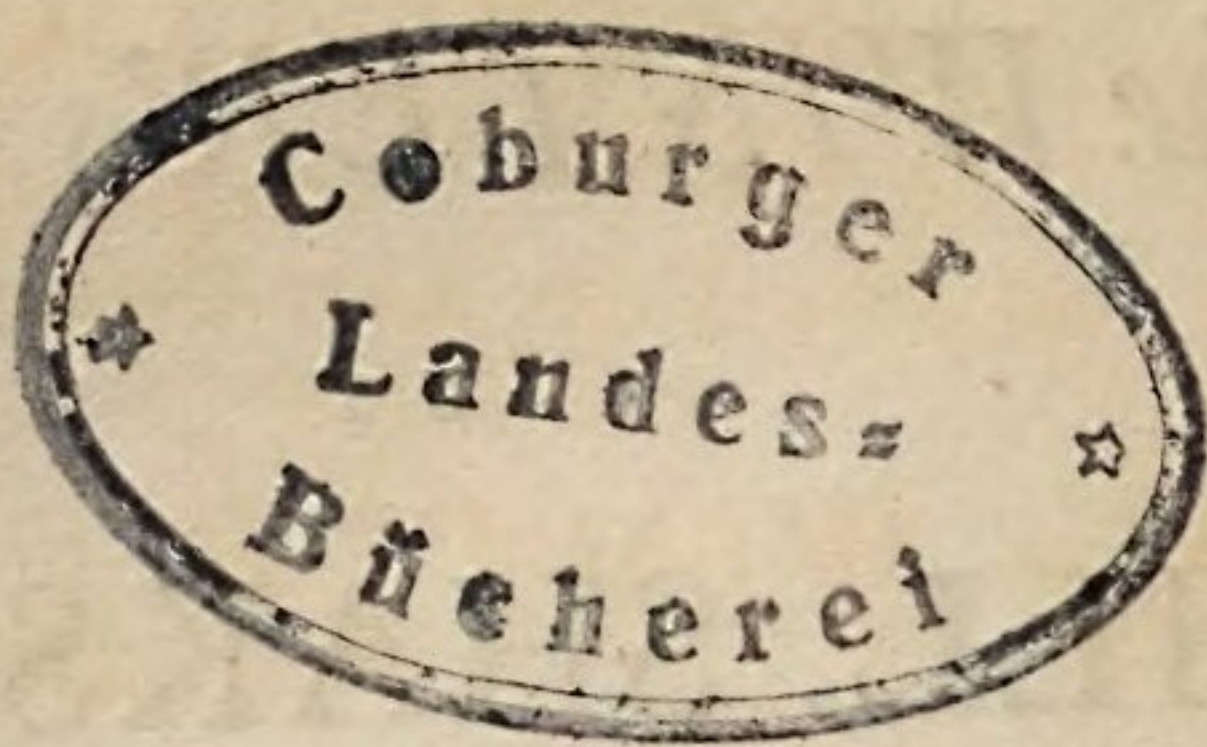
LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVI.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

The WINTER's TALE.

THIS play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

*Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood notes wild.*

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasaunt History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene.

JOHNSON.

Of this play no edition is known published before the folio of 1623.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

MAMILLIUS, *young Prince of Sicilia.*

FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*

CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,

} *Sicilian Lords.*

Another Sicilian Lord.

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*

ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, his Son.

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLICUS, *a Rogue.*

TIME, *as Chorus.*

WOMEN.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, *a Lady.*

Two other Ladies.

MOPSA, }
DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.*



The WINTER's TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Anti-Chamber in LEONTES's Palace. Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed——

Cam. 'Beseech you——

10

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you
sleepy

sleepy drinks ; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely. 18

Arch. Believe me, I speak, as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies ; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent ; shook hands, as over a Vast ; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves !—— 32

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius : it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him : It is a gallant child ; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh : they, that went on crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man. 42

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?

Cam.

Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room of State. Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again 50
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while ;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow 61
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
“ This is put forth too truly.” Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then; and in
that

70

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves; none, none i' the
world,

So soon as your's, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewel, our brother.

80

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You,
sir,

Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

90

Yet

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To POLIXENES.

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for his parting: yet (good deed), Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam. 100

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Tho' you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going. *Verily*,
"You shall not go;" a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees, 110
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and your's, when you were boys:

B

You

You were pretty lordings then?

121

Pol. We wêre, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the
sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd, 130
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl; 140
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!—
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;—
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipt not,
With any but with us.

Leo.

Leo. Is he won yet? 150

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not :

Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me; cram us with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongue-
less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that. 160

Our praises are our wages: You may ride us

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal.

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!

But once before I speak to the purpose: When?

Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death, 170

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,

"I am your's for ever!"

Her. It is *grace*, indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot:— [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances; 180
But not for joy——not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant;
But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy? 190

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock. What? hast smutch'd thy
nose?

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling

[*Observing POLIXENES, and HERMIONE.*

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord. 200

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me.—Yet, they say, we are

Almost

Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
 That will say any thing: But were they false,
 As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
 As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
 To say, this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
 Look on me with your welkin-eye. Sweet villain!
 Most dear'st! my collop! — can thy dam? — may't
 be? —————

210

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
 Thou dost make possible things not so held;
 Communicat'st with dreams — (How can this be?)
 With what's unreal; Thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
 Thou may'st cojoin with something; and thou dost
 (And that beyond commission, and I find it),
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

220

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are not you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!

Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

230

Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil

Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornament oft does, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will !—why, happy man be his dole !—

My brother,

240

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
 He makes a July's day short as December ;
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire

250

Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord,
 And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
 How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome :
 Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap :
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will seek us,

We are yours i'the garden : Shall's attend you there ?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you ; you'll be
 found,

Be

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now, 260
Tho' you perceive me not how I give line;

[*Aside, observing HERMIONE.*

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exeunt POLIX. HER. and Attendants. Manent*

LEO. MAM. and CAM.

To her allowing husband! Gone already;

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears — a
fork'd one. —

Go, play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There
have been, 270

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in his absence;

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is
none: 280

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,

No

No barricado for a belly. Know it,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? Camillo there?

290

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius:—Thou'rt an honest man:

[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing:

300

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's be't: good, should be per-
tinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals

310

Of

Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha !

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy

320

The entreaties of your mistress ?—satisfy ?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels ; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that, which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !——

329

Leo. To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest : or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent : or else a fool,
That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,

340

But

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear 350
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen, Camillo
 (But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or heard
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour 360
 Cannot be mute); or thought (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that does not think it);
 My wife is slippery? if thou wilt confess
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought); then say,
 My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 370
 My

My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot ? 379
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? the noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs ; theirs only,
That would, unseen, be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous. 390

Leo. Say, it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is ; you lie, you lie :
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave ;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass. 400

Cam.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging

About his neck; Bohemia:—Who, if I
Had servants true about me; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou
His cup-bearer (whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st
see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd), thou might'st be-spice a cup, 411
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I have lov'd thee.—Make that thy question,
and go rot! 420

Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without

Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir, 430
I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't :
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as your's at first ;
Even for your son's sake ; and thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to your's.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord, 440
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen : I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beveridge,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all :
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord. 449

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit.

Cam. O miserable lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,

Promotion follows. If I could find example
 Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
 Let villany itself forswear't. I must 461
 Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
 To me a break-neck.—Happy star reign now!
 Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
 My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
 Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord. 470

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
 As he had lost some province, and a region
 Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
 With customary compliment; when he,
 Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
 So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
 That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord. 479

Pol. How I dare not? do not? do you know, and
 dare not?

Be intelligent to me. 'Tis thereabouts:
 For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
 And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,

Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well. 490

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto,
Clerk-like experienc'd (which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle); I beseech you,
If you know aught, which does behove my know-
ledge 500

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge (whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine), that thou declare,
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be; 511
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you ;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable : Therefore, mark my
counsel ;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed, Him to murder you. 520

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly ; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best ! 530
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive ; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read !

Cam. Swear this though over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel shake, 540
The

The fabrick of his folly ; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business ; 550
And will by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth ; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer,
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth ;
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee : 560
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand ;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must 570

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen; part of his theam; but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo,
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Palace. Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and
 Ladies.*

Hermione.

TAKE the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still. I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
 Your brows are blacker (yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best; so that there be not
 Too

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half moon made with a pen).

2 *Lady*. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray
now,

What colour are your eye-brows?

1 *Lady*. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows. 20

2 *Lady*. Hark ye;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady*. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir,
now

I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale. 30

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights; you're powerful
at it.

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it
softly: 40

Yon' crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup 50
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts;—I have drunk and seen the
spider.—

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ, was pre-employ'd by him: 60
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: How came the posterns
So easily open?

Lord.

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; [*To HERMIONE.*] I am glad, you
did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you 70
Have too much blood in him.—

Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
her;
Away with him: and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for it is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You, my lords, 80
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable*:
Praise her but for this her without-door form
(Which on my faith deserves high speech), and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha—these petty brands,
That calumny doth use: Oh, I am out—
That mercy does; for calumny will sear 89
Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,
Ere

Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known
(From him, that has most cause to grieve it should
be)

She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing, 100
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adultress;—I have said, with whom;
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A Federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's 110
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo.

Leo. No, if I mistake

120

In these foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison;
He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew, 130
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!—

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your
highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
[To her Ladies.

There is no cause: when you shall know, your mis-
tress

141

Hath deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,

I trust,

I trust, I shall.—My women—come ; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exit Queen, guarded ; and Ladies.*]

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir ; lest your justice Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son. 151

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world, 161
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him : Be she honour flaw'd,
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ; 170
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't ;—By mine
honour,

I'll geld 'em all : Fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease ; no more :

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : I see't and feel't ;
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal 180
The instruments that feel. [Striking his Brows.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What ? lack I credit ?

Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
Be blam'd for't how you might. 190

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this ? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
Imparts this : which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not
Relish as truth, like us ; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours. 220

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

D

You

You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances 210
Made up to the deed), do push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild), I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord. 220

Leo. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all. 230

Ant.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison. Enter PAULINA, and Gentleman.

Paul. The keeper of the prison—call to him ;

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady !

No court in Europe is too good for thee ;

What dost thou then in prison ? Now, good sir.

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

You know me, do you not ?

Gaol. For a worthy lady,

And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,

240

Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam ; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from

The access of gentle visitors ! Is it lawful

Pray you to see her women ? any of them ?

Emilia ?

Gaol. So please you, madam,

To put apart these your attendants, I

250

Shall bring Emilia forth.

Dij

Paul.

Paul. I pray you now
Call her: Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Gent.

Gaol. And, madam, I must
Be present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado
[Exit Gaoler.

To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring.

Enter EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well, as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: On her frights and griefs 260
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous, unsafe lunes o'the king! beshrew
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office 270
Becomes a woman best; I'll tak't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more: Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be

Her

Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know,
How he may soften at the sight o' the child ;
The silence often of pure innocence 280
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue : there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 290
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : please you come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant. 300

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd : not a party to
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

D i i j

Gaol.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Changes to the Palace. Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS,
Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest:—It is but
weakness 310

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,
She, the adultrous;—for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord?

Leo. How does the boy? 320

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely : go,
[*Exit Attendant.*

See how he fares.—Fy, fy ! no thought of him ;—
The very thought of my revenges that way 330
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;
And in his parties, his alliance—let him be,
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas ! 340
Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
manded,

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir ;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings ;—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I 350
Do come with words, as med'cinal, as true ;

Honest,

Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How !——

Away with that audacious lady.—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;
I knew she would. 360

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What ? can'st not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can : in this
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour), trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now ; you hear !
When she will take the rein, I let her run, 370
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come——
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems your's. I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen ! I say,
good queen ; 380

And

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me. On mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

Leo. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:—

A most intelligencing bawd! 391

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard.—

[*To ANTIGONUS.*]

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd; unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone. 401

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did: then, 'twere past all
doubt,

You'd

You'd call your children your's.

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

410

Paul. Nor I; nor any

But one, that's here; and that's himself:—For he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone was sound.

Leo. A callat

420

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
band,

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it; and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is your's;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip;
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay the
valley,

430

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leo. A gross hag!—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd, 440
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick that makes the fire, 450
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something sa-
vours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her. 460

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
—Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis your's: Jove
send her

A better

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewel; we are gone. [Exit.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child! away with't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire; 470
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight;
Within this hour bring me word it is done
(And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please, 480
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can. My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all.

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg
(As recompence of our dear services
Past, and to come), that you do change this purpose;
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must 490
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

[They kneel.

Leo.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows :
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father ? better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live :
 —It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither ;
[To ANTIGONUS.]

You, that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life (for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as this beard's grey) : what will you adven-
 ture

500

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible : swear by this sword,
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for the
 fail

510

Of any point in't shall not only be
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife ;
 Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to its own protection

E

And

And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee—— 526
 On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture——
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,
 Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; tho' a present death
 Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
 To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
 Casting their savageness aside, have done
 Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
 In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
 Against this cruelty, fight on thy side. 531
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit, with the Child.*]

Leo. No; I'll not rear
 Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, posts,
 From those you sent to the oracle, are come
 An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
 Hasting to the court.

Lord. So please you, sir, their speed 540
 Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
 They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,
 The great Apollo suddenly will have
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
 Summon a session, that we may arraign

Our

Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial. While she lives,
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me, 550
 And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Part of Sicily, near the Sea-Side, Enter CLEOMENES,
 and DION, with Attendants.*

Cleomenes.

THE climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
 Fertile the isle ; the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits
 (Methinks, I so should term them), and the reve-
 rence
 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!—
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was i'the offering !

Cleo. But of all, the burst 10
 And the ear-deafning voice o'the oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
 That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
 Prove as successful to the queen (O be't so!)

Eij

As

As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

20

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up),
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go — fresh
horses; —

And gracious be the issue!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Court of Justice. LEONTES, Lords, and Officers,
appear properly seated.

Leo. This session (to our great grief, we pro-
nounce),
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one 30
Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
— Produce the prisoner.

Offi.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA, and
Ladies, attending.

Leo. Read the indictment. 38

Off. *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other 50
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, 60
As I am now unhappy; which is more

Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine, 70
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour; or, in act, or will
That way inclining; hard'ned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fy, upon my grave! 80

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of those bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes 90
(With whom I am accus'd), I do confess,
I lov'd

I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd ;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded :
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and towards your friend ; whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was your's. Now, for conspiracy, 100
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves
(Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not :
My life stands in the level of your dreams, 110
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams ;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame
(Those of your fact are so), so past all truth ;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails : for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it), so thou

Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage 120
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
The first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, 's from my breast 130
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder : Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion ;—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore proceed :
But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No life ; 140
I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour
(Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises (all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake) ; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle ;
Apollo be my judge.

Enter

Enter DION, and CLEOMENES.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. 150

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Offi. You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that since then 160
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo
a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe
truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir, if
that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised ! 170

Leo. Hast thou read truth ?

Offi. Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'the oracle :
The session shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!—

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

180

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now there?

[*HERMIONE faints.*

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look
down,

And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt PAULINA, and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

190

My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,

But

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd
 My swift command ; tho' I with death, and with
 Reward, did threaten, and encourage him, 201
 Not doing it, and being done : he (most humane,
 And fill'd with honour), to my kingly guest
 Unclasp'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great ; and to the certain hazard
 Of all incertainties himself commended,
 No richer than his honour : How he glisters
 Through my dark rust ! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker !

Enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while ! 210
 O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,
 Break too ! —

Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
 What wheels ? racks ? fires ? What flaying ? boiling ?
 burning

In leads, or oils ? what old, or newer, torture
 Must I receive ; whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy jealousies,
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle 220
 For girls of nine ! O, think, what they have done,
 And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
 That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,

And

And damnable ungrateful : nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
 To have him kill a king : poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter, 230
 To be, or none, or little ; tho' a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't :
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer : But the last—O lords,
 When I have said, cry, woe !—the queen, the queen,
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead ; and ven-
 geance for't 240

Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say, she's dead ; I'll swear't : if word,
 nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees, 250
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter

In

In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech. 260

Paul. I am sorry for't :

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman ; 270
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son ;
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall 280
The causes of their death appear unto

Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
 Will bear up with this exercise,
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
 And lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea. Enter ANTI-
 GONUS with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
 upon
 The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay my lord; and fear, 290
 We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
 And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
 Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
 I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
 Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather:
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures 300
 Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:
 I'll follow instantly.

Mar.

Mar. I am glad at heart to be so rid o'the business.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe ; I have heard,
But not believ'd, the spirits of the dead
May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another, 310
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay : thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her : " Good Antigonus,
" Since fate, against thy better disposition,
" Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
" Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 320
" Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
" There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the
babe
" Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
" I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
" Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
" Thy wife Paulina more : "—And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself ; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 330
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,

F i j

Hermione

Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well !

[*Laying down the Child.*

There lie ; and there thy character : there these ;

[*Laying down a Bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty one,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins ;—Poor
wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd 340

To loss, and what may follow !—Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewel !

The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough : I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !—

Well may I get aboard—This is the chace,

I am gone for ever.

[*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
three and twenty ; or that youth would sleep out the
rest : for there is nothing in the *between* but getting
wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,
fighting.—Hark you now ! — Would any but these
boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt
this weather ? They have scar'd away two of my best
sheep ;

sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder! A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry 'till my son come; he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

368

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!—

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land; but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

377

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em; and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and frost, as you'd thrust a cork

F i i j

into

into a hogshead. And then for the land service—
To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone ; how
he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was Anti-
gonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the
ship ; to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it :—But first,
how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them ;
—And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear
mock'd him ; both roaring louder than the sea, or
weather.

392

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

Clo. Now, now ; I have not wink'd since I saw
these sights : the men are not yet cold under water ;
nor the bear half din'd on the gentlemen ; he's at it
now.

Shep. 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the
old man.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ship side, to
have help'd her ; there your charity would have lack'd
footing.—

[*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters ! heavy matters ! but look
thee here, boy. Now bless thyself ; thou meet'st with
things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight
for thee ; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's
child ! Look thee here ; take up, take up, boy ;
open't ; so, let's see ; it was told me, I should be
rich by the fairies. This is some changeling.—Open't :
What's within, boy ?

410

Clo. You're a made old man ; if the sins of your
youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold !
all gold !

Shep.

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so. Up with it, keep it close : home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy ; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go : Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings ; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten : they are never curst but when they are hungry : if there be any of him left, I'll bury it. 423

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy ; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, as Chorus.

Time.

I, That please some, try all ; both joy and terror
Of good and bad ; that make, and unfold error—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd

Of

Of that wide gap ; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was, 10
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times, that brought them in ; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning ; and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass ; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving
That he shuts up himself ; Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,
I mention here a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy ;—But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth :—A shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time : Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now : 30
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

The Court of Bohemia. Enter POLIXENES, and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure. 41

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heap-ing friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'y-thee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the
prince

prince Florizel my son? kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues. 60

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate. 72

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise a part of my intelligence. But, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia. 84

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Country. Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

*When daffodils begin to peer,
 With, hey! the doxy over the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year; 90
 For the red blood reigns in the winter pale.
 The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge:
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
 The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,
 With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay;
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay. 99*

*I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time wore
 three-pile; but now I am out of service.*

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
 The pale moon shines by night:
 And when I wander here and there,
 I then do go most right.
 If tinkers may have leave to live,
 And bear the sow-skin budget;
 Then my account I well may give,
 And in the stocks avouch it. 109*

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus, who, being as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: With die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see; — Every eleven weather tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to? 121

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine—

[*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters.—Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice——what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means, and bases: but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies; mace——dates——none; that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun. 136

Aut.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[Groveling on the Ground.]

Clo. I' the name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!——

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

159

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[Helping him up.]

Aut. Oh! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

160

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

G

Clo.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart. 170

Clo. What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out o' the court: they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide. 180

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue: some call him Autolicus.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel. 191

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if

if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false at heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's. 201

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then, farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue! 211

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hend the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Shepherd's Cot. Enter FLORIZEL, and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

G i j

D o

Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't. 220

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me ;
Oh pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom ; I should blush
To see you so attired ; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass. 230

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
To me, the difference forges dread ; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did : Oh, the fates !
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up ! What would he say ? Or how
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold 241
The sternness of his presence !

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter

Became

Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
 A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now. Their transformations 250
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;
 Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
 Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear sir,
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king.
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak ; that you must change this
 purpose,
 Or I my life. 260

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
 With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
 The mirth o'the feast : or, I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's : For I cannot be
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
 Tho' destiny say, *No.* Be merry, gentle ;
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :
 Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day 270
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
 Stand you auspicious !

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, Servants ;
with POLIXENES, and CAMILLO, disguised.*

Flo. See, your guests approach :
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd,
upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ; 279
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all, serv'd all :
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now here
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle :
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire
With labour ; and the thing, she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome ; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known. 289
Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome ! [To POL. and CAM.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o' the day : You're welcome, sir !
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend
sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :

Grace

Grace and remembrance be unto you both, 300
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not 310
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art 320
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put 330
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them :
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only there-
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping : these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing. 341

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my
fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and your's, and your's,
'That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing : O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils, 350

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty : violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright

Bright Phœbus in his strength (a malady
Most incident to maids) ; gold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-lis being one ! O, these I lack
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er. 361

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse : or if—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers ;

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing, 371
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so, give alms ;
Pray, so ; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that : move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens. 380

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through
it,

Do

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
 You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
 As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
 To put you to't. But, come ; our dance, I pray :
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair, 390
 That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em,

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
 Ran on the green-sward ; nothing she does, or seems
 But smacks of something greater than herself,
 Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
 That makes her blood look out : Good sooth, she is
 The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up. 400

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlick
 To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our
 manners ;
 Come, strike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
 Who dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and he boasts him-
 self

To have a worthy feeding : but I have it

Upon

Upon his own report, and I believe it : 410
 He looks like sooth : He says, he loves my daughter,
 I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
 As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
 I think, there is not half a kiss to choose
 Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I report it
 That should be silent : if young Doricles
 Do light upon her, she shall bring him that 420
 Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
 door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
 pipe ; no, the bag-pipe could not move you : he sings
 several tunes, faster than you'll tell money ; he utters
 them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears
 grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better : he shall come in.
 I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful mat-
 ter merrily set down ; or a very pleasant thing indeed,
 and sung lamentably. 431

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
 sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves :
 he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without
 bawdry (which is strange), with such delicate burdens
 of *dil-do's* and *fa-dings* : *jump her and thump her* : and
 where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were,
 mean

mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.* 441

Pol. This is a brave fellow,

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods and goddesses: you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square-on't. 452

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow; 462

Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;

Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;

Masks for faces, and for noses;

Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber;

Perfume for a lady's chamber:

Golden

*Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears :
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come buy of me, come : come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come buy, &c.* 471

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me ; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars. 480

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you : 'may be, he has paid you more ; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets, where they should wear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more. 490

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money ?

H

Aut.

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad : therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man ; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge. 500

Clo. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, or a life ; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How an usurer's wife was brought to-bed with twenty money-bags at a burden ; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer ! 510

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad ?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by ; and lets first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true. 523

Dor. Is it true too, think you ?

Aut.

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.—

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones. 530

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go; 540

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou do'st ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

Hij

M. Thou

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me :* 550
Then, whither go's't ? say, whither ?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves :
 My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and
 we'll not trouble them : Come, bring away thy pack
 after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar,
 let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.

*Will you buy any tape,
 Or lace for your cape,
 My dainty duck, my dear-a ?* 560
*And silk, and thread,
 Any toys for your head
 Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a ?
 Come to the pedlar ;
 Money's a medlar,
 That doth utter all men's wear-a.*

[Exit Clown, AUTOLICUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shep-
 herds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that
 have made themselves all men of hair, they call them-
 selves saltiers : and they have a dance, which the
 wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because
 they are not in't : but they themselves are o'the mind,
 if

if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 574

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square. 583

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir.

Here a Dance of Twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [*Aside.*] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that doth take 590
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited

H i i j

For

For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

600

Flo. Old sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are :
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart ; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand ; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

610

Pol. What follows this ?
How prettily the young swain seems to was
The hand, was fair before !—I have put you out :—
But, to your protestation : let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men ; the earth, and heavens, and all :
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch 620
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and know-
ledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love : for her, employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

630

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead, 640
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand,
And, daughter, your's.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

650

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
Tha best becomes the table: Pray you, once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies

Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir; 660
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife: but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this; 670
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not: 680
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

Shorten

Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with——

Shep. O, my heart! 690

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as
never

I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee 699
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [Exit.

Per. Even here, undone!

I was not much affeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly, 710
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

[To FLORIZEL.

I told

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care :—this dream of mine—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think, 720
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir,
[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!
[To PERDITA.

That knew'st, this was the prince; and would'st ad-
venture

To mingle faith with him. Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd 730
To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper; at this time
He will allow no speech (which I do guess,
You do not purpose to him), and as hardly 740
Will

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo——

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Pcr. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus !
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known !

Flo. It cannot fail, but by 750
The violation of my faith ; and then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks—
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am ; and by my fancy : if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome. 760

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair lov'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not

To

To see him any more), cast your good counsels 771
 Upon his passion ; let myself, and fortune
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
 And so deliver, I am put to sea
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
 And, most opportune to our need, I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
 For this design. What course I mean to hold
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
 Concern me the reporting. 780

Cam. O my lord !

I would your spirit were easier for advice,
 Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita——

I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

Cam. [*Aside.*] He's irremoveable,
 Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn ;
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour ;
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia 790
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo——

I am so fraught with curious business, that
 I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,

You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
 That I have borne your father ?

Flo. Very nobly

Have you deserv'd : it is my father's musick 800
 To speak your deeds ; not little of his care

To

To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king ;
 And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
 Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.
 (If your more ponderous and settled project
 May suffer alteration) on mine honour,
 I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
 As shall become your highness ; where you may 810
 Enjoy your mistress ; from the whom, I see,
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by
 (As, heavens forefend!) your ruin. Marry her ;
 And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
 Your discontenting father I will strive
 To qualify, and bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
 That I may call thee something more than man,
 And, after that, trust to thee. 820

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
 To what we wildly do, so we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
 Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.

This follows. If you will not change your purpose,
 But undergo this flight ; make for Sicilia ; 830
 And there present yourself, and your fair princess .

I

(For

(For so, I see, she must be), 'fore Leontes.
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow 840
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting, 850
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another: 860
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who

Do

Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so? 870
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks. 880

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house! how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if 890

The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word—
[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLICUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man), grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. 916

[*CAM. FLO. and PER. come forward.*]

Cam.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there,

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—— 920

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here ? [Seeing AUTOLICUS.
We'll make an instrument of this ; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now —— why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow ? why shak'st thou so ?

Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to thee. 930

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal that from thee ; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange : therefore, discase thee instantly, thou must think, there's necessity in't, and change garments with this gentleman : Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir :——I know ye well enough. [Aside.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch : the gentleman is half fled already. 942

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir ?——I smell the trick of it.—— [Aside.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself 950
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
For I do fear eyes over you, to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there? 960

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king

[*Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail 970
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

[*Exit FLO. with PER.*

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [*Exit.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession. 990

Enter Clown, and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here's more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then. 999

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your
flesh

flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her ; those secret things, all but what she has with her : This being done, let the law go whistle ; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word ; yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law. 1009

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him ; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely ; puppies ! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well ; let us to the king : there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—How now, rusticks ? whither are you bound ? 1022

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there ? — what ? with whom ? the condition of that farthel ? the place of your dwelling ? your names ? your age ? of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known ? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir. 1029

Aut.

Aut. A lie ; you are rough and hairy : Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie : but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel ; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir? 1037

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, *Cap-à-pè* ; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair. 1047

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant ; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir ; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men ! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely. 1059

Clo.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'the farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

1070

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself: For if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

1080

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, tho' removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

1089

Clo.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men), what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

1108

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive——

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

1120

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:— Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn 'till it be brought you. 1132

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side, go on the right-hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt *Shep.* and *Clo.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame

shame else belongs to't : To him will I present them,
there may be matter in it. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Changes to Sicilia. Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES,
DION, PAULINA, and Servants.*

Cleomenes.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil ;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself : which was so much, 10
That heir-less it hath made my kingdom ; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord :
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd !

K.

She

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me 20
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good
now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so, 30
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't? 40

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,

As my Antigonus to break his grave,
 And come again to me ; who, on my life, 50
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary ;
 Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue ;
[To the King.

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
 Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor
 Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,
 Who hast the memory of Hermione,
 I know, in honour : O, that ever I
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! then, even now 60
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
 Have taken treasure from her lips !

Paul. And left them
 More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth.
 No more such wives ; therefore no wife : one worse,
 And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
 Again possess her corps ; and, on this stage
 (Where we offend her now), appear soul-vext,
 And begin, *Why to me ?*—— 70

Paul. Had she such power,
 She had just such cause.

Leo. She had ; and would incense me
 To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so,
 Were I the ghost that walk'd ; I'd bid you mark
 Her eye ; and tell me, for what dull part in't

You chose her : then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me ; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.* 80

Leo. Stars, stars !
And all eyes else, dead coals. Fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leo. Never, Paulina ; so be bless'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture, 90
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, pray, have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry — If you will,
sir ;

No remedy, but you will ; give me the office
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young
As was your former ; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
joy

To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us. 100

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath :
Never 'till then.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she,
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us, 110
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave 120
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme); *she had not been,*
Nor was she to be equall'd; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot (your pardon);
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature, 130
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal

Of all professors else ; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ? not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
[*Exit* CLEOMENES.

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us. 141

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children), seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.— 150

Enter FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CLEOMENES, and
others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,

As

As your fair princess, goddess!—oh! alas!
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as 160
 You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
 (All mine own folly) the society,
 Amity too of your brave father; whom
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life
 Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
 Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king, a friend
 Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
 (Which waits upon worn times), hath something
 seiz'd 170

His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves
 (He bade me say so), more than all the sceptres,
 And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
 (Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters 179
 Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
 At least, ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less,
 The adventure of her person?

Flo.

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter

190

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods

200

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it), with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

210

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were

Were not the proof so high. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :
Desires you to attach his son, who has,
His dignity and duty both cast off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes 221
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whilst he was hastning (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple), meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
Whose honour and whose honesty, 'till now
Endur'd all weathers. 230

Lord. Lay't so to his charge ;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father !—— 240
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated,

Leo.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife. 250

Leo. That *once*, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry), you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, sir,
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time 261
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate. At your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-
tress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such
gazes
Than what you look on now. 270

Leo.

Leo. I thought of her,
 Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[To FLORIZEL.
 Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;
 Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
 I am friend to them, and you : upon which errand
 I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,
 And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Enter AUTOLICUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this
 relation ? 279

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard
 the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it :
 whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all com-
 manded out of the chamber. Only this, methought,
 I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business ;
 but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo,
 were very notes of admiration : they seem'd almost,
 with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their
 eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language
 in their very gesture ; they look'd, as they had heard
 of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd : A notable
passion

passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be. 296

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. 302

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir? 307

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding — and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings? 318

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law: then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it. 336

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers? 346

2 *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all

L

the

the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

357

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter: 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bled tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

371

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is

her

her ape: He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup. 383

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits. 403

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

L i j

Shep.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born. 414

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed. 425

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince, my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen. 433

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo.

Clo. Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it. 440

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend : And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands ; and that thou wilt be drunk ; but I'll swear it : and, I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power. 449

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PAULINA'S House. Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

L i i j

Paul.

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
 I did not well, I meant well : All my services 459
 You have paid home : but that you have vouchsaf'd,
 With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
 Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
 It is a surplus of your grace, which never
 My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,
 We honour you with trouble : But we came
 To see the statue of our queen :—Your gallery
 Have we pass'd through, not without much content
 In many singularities ; but we saw not
 That which my daughter came to look upon, 470
 The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
 So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
 Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
 Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
 Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare
 To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
 Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say, 'tis well.

[*PAULINA draws a Curtain, and discovers a Statue.*
 I like your silence, it the more shews off
 Your wonder : But yet speak :—First you, my liege.
 Comes it not something near ? 481

Leo. Her natural posture !
 Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,
 Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,
 In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender
 As infancy, and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione

Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her,
As she liv'd now. 492

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood ;
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her !
I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it ? Oh, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty, which has 500
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From my admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee !

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of your's, to kiss.

Paul. Oh, patience ;—
The statue is but newly fix'd ; the colour's 510
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

520

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't ; lest your
fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it ? See, my lord, 530
Would you not deem, it breath'd ? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood ?

Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina, 540
Make me to think so twenty years together :
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you ;
but
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath ? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her. 551

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you 560
For more amazement : If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move, indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd, 570
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still :
Or

Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick ; awake her ; strike. [Musick.
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ; 579
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive, she stirs ;
[HERMIONE comes down.

Start not ; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand ;
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warm ! [Embracing her.
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating. 590

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck ;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead ?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel, 600
And

And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how
found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

610

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one : I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina :

Thou should'st a husband take by my consent, 620
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine,

But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,

And

And take her by the hand ; whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted ; and here justify'd
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.— 630
What?—Look upon my brother?—Both your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This, your son-in-law,
And son unto the king ; who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. 639

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.



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WEST, R. } 1 do.	0	1	6
AKENSIDE 2 do.	0	3	0
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